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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, where the page is bound into a dark cover. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Mrs. M. T. Gambrell.

POETRY.

THE SACRED ROOM.

Old rooms in which the household
meets.

As it has met so many years,
I look on you with eyes whose lids
Are wet with sudden tears.

The hearthstone where the red fire
glows.

The looks shining on the shelf,
The very chair on which I lean,
Each, all, a part seen of myself.

A part, too, of the household group,
Loving and tender, brave and true,
Whom every year beside this hearth
I pass in fond review.

A part, too, of the friends whose love
Has hallowed all my life and song,
In converse sweet, in joy and sorrow,
The hours have fled long.

Among the seasons I recall
Of happy festival and mirth,
Of Christmas cheer, vacation glow,
Visits of dear friends.

Some saddened days I loved to
mind.

Days of suspense and bated breath,
When sickness held the house in
thrall.

And once, oh, once, came death
But tenderly, and as a friend,
Bearing the aged saint above,
Who long had waited for the call
In patient trust and love.

No deep sleep had hushed her,
No clock remorse, no deadly snare,
Only the quiet household joys
And death had entered in.

No pang of grief or of regret
Has with deep feeling lent the air,
Yet, at the moment, have been
planned.

And wrought with much of prayer,
Old rooms, your walls are consecrated
By happy, helpful, household love,
By joy, by trust, by tenderness,
Your sacredness is proven.

Long to your walls thus dedicated,
Unto the household's sacred reign,
Hail the home as shrine of saint,
As altar of prayer, as tower of faith.

Hattie T. Griswold, in the Advance.

EDITORIAL.

HOW TO GIVE.

A new light has been shed for us
on this question so easy of theoretical
solution, so difficult of practical
realization. In the reading of that
scripture which tells of Peter and John
going up into the temple to pray, and
being arrested by the cripple who
sat at the gate beautiful. The poor
cripple postponed their praying and
would have them hear his pleadings
for alms. Some less spiritual mind
ed, more practical Christians
than the Apostles would have been
irritated into a curt refusal by any
thing that could make them late at
public worship, no matter what
possibilities of healing it might of-
fer, but the apostles showed no irri-
tation at being stopped on their
way to worship. Is there no les-
son here for those who pick them-
selves out being always present, and
always on time for public worship
yet are never willing to stop and
help others? The husband who
expects his wife to wait on him from
when Saturday morning comes
but lends no hand to help her, no
matter how many little people are
to be made ready for church, and
then fusses about her keeping him
from being on time for service, has
need to note the patience with
which Peter and John stopped as
they went up in the temple to
pray. It is sometimes a doubtful
question whether these perfect, on-
time people go up for the same
purpose that the Apostles did. At
any rate, a little light on the Chris-
tianity of giving patient forbearance
kinder hindrances, and interrup-
tions seems to gleam out in the
picture of the disciples stopping to
listen to the poor cripple instead of
hurrying on, heedless of his want
and woe, to pray for themselves or
for large blessings.

Again, the lame man asked
them to give what they had not.
They did not mean their poverty
and then snap him up for ask-
ing them for give. They
confessed their lack of silver and
gold, but gave what was more val-
uable, gave it gladly and without
any rebuke. Such as we have, give
us unto them. Could words be
heard to express more genuine
heartiness in giving?

There is a proverb that we need
not give in the original to add to
bringing out its strength) to the ef-
fect He who gives quickly gives
twice and many a Christian by
long paring, much discourse on
hard times and worse a coming,
have robbed their tardily bestowed,
grudgingly given, offerings of all
the sweet flavor of spiritual service.
Peter and John gave what they
could, gave quickly, gave gladly.
Surely here is a lesson to all of us
in giving, whether it be of alms, of
service one toward another in the
household, entertainment of stran-
gers or of the means to spread
abroad the Gospel of our Redeem-
er. If any thing further is needed,
it is supplied in the declaration,
The Lord loves a cheerful giver.

Subscribe for the RECORD.
Two dollars per annum.

YOUNG HOPEFULS.

FOOTPRINTS.

BY S. WHITE.

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THE SACRED ROOM.

In closing these studies let me say,
that if any of you have been ben-
efited by these feeble efforts, I am
glad; if any of you have been en-
couraged to walk in his footsteps,
to him be the praise, and that you
may continue so to walk until he
shall lead you through the Pearly
Gates, is the prayer of

Your friend

S. WHITE.

JACK.

"Green! Dandelion greens! greens!"
shouts a child's voice.
And I heard the quick steps of
small bare feet pattering up the
lane.

Presently a face appeared at the
open window of my kitchen, where
I was busy superintending the Sat-
urday's baking.

Please, ma'am, don't you want a
basket of fresh greens all picked
with the dew on 'em? They make
a good dinner and only cost five
cents.

Poor little man! I thought, to
work so long and to trudge so far,
all for five cents! My dinner was
provided, and dandelion greens
were not included in the bill of fare.

"Yes, Jack, come in here and see
a doughnut while I empty your
basket."

He was not slow to accept the in-
vitation, and chattered like a mag-
pie every minute while he eagerly
devoured several doughnuts, and
looked longingly at a pan of cookies
just taken from the oven.

"Thank you ma'am! You see, it
makes a feller awful hungry—this
dandelion business does. I like to
get 'em when they're fresh and
cool, before the sun has been on 'em
long, so I start at five o'clock and
sometimes earlier, and of course I
don't have any breakfast first, and
when it happens that a feller hasn't
had any supper either the night be-
fore it makes him feel kind empty-
like."

All this was said without a mo-
ment's pause, and swinging his lit-
tle bare heels together, as he sat
perched up on the window sill, he
laughed the merriest laugh in the
world, which brought to the surface
a great dimple hidden away in
each sun-burned cheek, and showed
all his pretty white teeth.

But you had your supper last
night, hadn't you?

No, ma'am. You see there was
only two potatoes to go round, and
the round they had to go was noth-
ing, Susie and me, a big round for
two small potatoes don't you think
so, ma'am?

And again he laughed, as if it
was the funniest thing he had ever
heard of, instead of a most pathetic
story.

"How did you manage?" I asked.
Well, you see, ma'am, I haven't
been to school long enough to learn
how to divide two potatoes between
three people so that each shall have
a whole one. So says I to mother,
"You take this one, and Susie and
I'll handily spanky for the other."
Then I held it behind me, and said
to Susie, "Handy-spanky, Jack a-
dandy, upper hand or lower?"

"Lower," says Susie.
"And lower it was, to be sure,
cause I held both hands even till
she answered, and then dropped the
one with the potato in it lower,
which wasn't cheating, ma'am, now
was it?"

"No, my brave little Jack, it
surely was not cheating," I answer-
ed, turning away, that he might
not see the tears in my eyes.

"Well, Sue, you see, didn't like
to take it, for she's awful generous,
if she is poor, and she tried to get
it back on me by saying she thought
upper, and I was only her lips that
said lower. She meant upper all
the time. She isn't well—Sue isn't."

"She's little and white, and one
potato ain't much of a supper for
the like of her, anyway. And at
last I made her eat the whole of it,
I told her that we'd have a good
dinner today, 'cause I knewed
somebody would buy my greens,
and I'm going to spend the whole
five cents for one dinner. What do
you think of that? I'm going to
get three herrings at a cent a piece,
and the rest in potatoes."

And he smacked his lips as he
thought of the treat in store for
them all.
"I think," he continued, "that
you've paid me pretty well for my
greens in doughnuts without any
five cents at all. Still, as I look at
it," he added, with a sly twinkle
in his great blue eyes, "doughnuts
is doughnuts, and cents is cents
and the doughnuts is a present and
the cents is pay."

I laughed aloud at his reasoning,
which certainly was most sensible
true, and then said:
"Now, Jack, I want you to keep
your five cents till some night
when you haven't any supper, and
let me fill your basket with some-
thing that I know will go around.
I want Susie to have a glass of fresh
milk. So you must carry this tin
pail besides the basket. Do you
think you can manage them both?"

"Well, ma'am, I guess you'll see
whether I can manage 'em or not.
But do you think I can dig greens
enough to pay for all them things
you're putting in?"

"No, Jack, I don't; for they are
generally considered innocent; what

not to be paid for. I want to send
these to your mother—that's all;
and as you said yourself, doughnuts
is doughnuts and cents is cents."
"To be sure," he answered, mer-
rily. "Well, ma'am, I just wish
you could see 'em when I tell 'em
how good you've been to me. Some
folks ain't good, you know," he
added, with a sigh.

While I filled the basket, he told
me their little history, never real-
izing how full it was of the deepest
pathos—the struggles of the poor
mother keep her family together
after the death of her husband, a
good, kind man, who had left her
one morning, full of life and
strength, to go to his work in the
great iron factory, and was brought
back to her a few hours later, hav-
ing met his death while toiling for
those he loved.

He did not realize, either, how
his own self-sacrificing spirit shone
out through his words, proving to
me the strength and sweetness of
his character. What a hero was
this little twelve-year-old Jack!

"Mother has worked so hard for
Sue and me that she hasn't much
strength left. And don't you think
I'm big enough to carry a basket
of as three? Look here, I've been
lucky this morning, for I've sold
my greens and found you."

The gratitude in his heart was
plainly visible in his little face as
he turned it up to me.

I told him that henceforth we
would be the very best and warm-
est of friends, and that happy
days were in store for him and for
those at home; that I could and
would work for him to do which would
certainly help toward the support
of all three.

Such a happy Jack as he was
when I sent him home that April
morning, with the heavy basket on
one arm and a pail of milk on the
other, and I wish I could tell you
for I am sure you would like to
hear what pleasant days followed
for Jack and those so dear to him,
but it would make such a long story
we should never come to the
end of it.

Indeed, there is no end to it. It
is a story which is being lived
through now, and it grows more
interesting and more beautiful—
more tender and true with every
chapter.

Jack is proving himself the hero
I knew him to be.

He works early and late, on a
small piece of ground which we al-
low him to cultivate, and he carries
his produce to town in a basket,
and he is as happy as a king, sup-
per than many kings, Jack!

Little pale Susie, too, is as
pale as she was before she had
the chance given her to help.

She has free range in her front
garden, and makes up the daisies
"button-hole bouquets," with which
she fills her small basket every
morning for Jack to take with him.

He never fails the least difficulty
in disposing of them all, and a
round little lass she is when he
drops the pennies into her hands at
night.

The mother, we think, is grow-
ing strong and well again—happy
in her boy's thoughtful care, cheery
hearted ways.

He is not yet thirteen years old,
but his mother calls him the head
of the house, and he truly deserves
the title.

Brave little man—God bless him.
—Gladys Dwyer.

TEMPERANCE.

Many think of Lord Chesterfield
as only a man of manners, given to
punctilious politeness, but un-
suspect; yet in the English Parlia-
ment in 1743 he said:

Public credit, my lords, is indeed
of very great importance, but pub-
lic credit can never be long sup-
ported without public virtue; nor,
indeed, if the government could
mortgage the morals and health of
the people, would it be able to ob-
tain a loan to confirm the bar-
gains. The ministry can raise money
by the destruction of their pub-
lic subjects, they ought to abandon
those schemes for which money is
necessary; for what calamity can
be equal to unbounded wicked-
ness.

We owe him that buildeth a
town with blood, that establish-
ed a city with iniquity.—Bible.

Should these wages of iniquity be
put into the treasury? They are
the price of blood, and in the ag-
gregate, would be inadequate to
bury the thousands who are the victims
of the dreadful traffic for whose profits
they sell the people's sanction.

—State Board of Charities of Penn-
sylvania, 1871.

Law and government are the
sovereign influence in human soci-
ety, in the last resort they shape and
control it at their pleas-
ure; institutions depend on them
and are by them formed and mod-
ified; what they sanction will ever be
generally considered innocent; what

they condemn is thereby made a
crime.—Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

To support government by prop-
agating vice is to support it by
means which destroy the end for
which it was originally established,
and for which its continuance is to
be desired. If the expenses of the
government cannot be defrayed,
but by corrupting the morals of the
people, I shall, without scruple, de-
clare that money ought not to be
raised, nor the designs of the gov-
ernment supported.—Dr. Samuel
Johnson.

One fatal fact will make strongly
for this traffic under high license.
It has purchased a right to be, and
the community has accepted the
price. The blood money has been
paid, and the blood must therefore
of right and interest be spilt. The
community has taken the price and
must in honor allow the sacrifice to
proceed. We have sold our fellow-
men; we have set apart our thirty
pieces of silver for the potter's field
for state prisons, asylums and al-
mshouses, and now the fearful work
must go on. We have all struck
hands in reference to it.—John Bas-
com.

Your Hair

should be your crowning glory. Ayer's
Hair Vigor will restore the vitality and
color of youth to hair that has become
thin and faded; and, where the glands are
not decayed or absorbed, will cause a new
growth on bald heads.

MAY the youthful color and vigor
of the hair be preserved to old
age. Read the following, from Mrs. G.
Norton, Somerville, Mass.: "I have used
Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past 20 years;
and, although I am upwards of 60, my
hair is as abundant and glossy today as
when I was 25."

BE assured that a trial of Ayer's Hair
Vigor will convince you of its
powers. Mrs. M. L. Goff, Leadville, Col.,
writes: "Two years ago, my hair having
almost entirely fallen out, I commenced
the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. To-day my
hair is 25 inches long, fine, strong, and
healthy."

RENEWED and strengthened
by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair
regains its youthful color and vitality. Rev. H. P.
Williams, Davidson College, North Car-
olina, writes: "I have used
Ayer's Hair Vigor for the last ten years.
It is an excellent preservative."

BY the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, Gen.
A. H. Babson, Waterville, Me., has
restored his hair to its original healthy
condition. He is now nearly bald and over
gray. He writes: "I have used
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